

THE DAY BOOK

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350 S. PEARIA ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephones Editorial, Monroe 353
Circulation, Monroe 3536

SUBSCRIPTION—By Carrier in Chicago, 39 cents a Month. By Mail, United States and Canada, \$3.00 a Year

Entered as second-class matter April 21, 1914, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

BECAUSE THEY SUFFER.—There are some little things which this country is doing that our more rabid German friends, who look upon the United States as an enemy, are overlooking. More than 4,000,000 pounds of clothing have been shipped from Tien-tsin to Vladivostok by the American Red Cross, destined solely for German prisoners of war in Siberia. The task of distribution is extremely difficult and necessitates great sacrifices upon the part of the Americans in charge, but when the work is finally completed the host of German prisoners in Siberia will, each and every one, be warmly clad in clothing contributed by American friends. In addition, heroic efforts are being made by the American Red Cross physicians to check the spread of typhoid among the prisoners. Serum is being sent from the United States for that purpose.

GIRL'S WAGES.—It is gratifying to the social reformers and the press which has ungrudgingly aided in the work to note the increasing tendency of today to pay working girls a living wage.

Slowly but surely the wage scale of women workers is creeping up. Where employers are not making voluntary increases state legislation is attempting to force it. Even the underpaid women school teachers are

beginning to feel the effect of the upward trend.

But one class of girl workers still remains whose pay envelopes, somehow, never seem to fatten—the telephone girls. And it is passing strange that it should be so, for, apart from the fact that they are devoted, loyal employees, the telephone girls enjoy a monopoly of that particular occupation. Picture to yourself a mere man with five thumbs on each hand, "plugging in" to the tune of two or three hundred calls more or less to the hour. Why, the United States would be peopled with a race of raving maniacs within ninety days.

If all the hello girls would go on a strike in the morning the country would be on its knees to them before nightfall.

But, bless their hearts, they never think of striking, but "plug" away for dear life—and a pittance.

—o—o—o—
Georgie Perkins is roasting Wilson for "violating the Baltimore platform." We'll give a Nevada mine for a copy of any platform that was not violated if it meant anything.

If Doc Cook still feels bad over not finding wild men in Borneo he might look over the flooded or snow-bound railroad managements of the Pacific coast.

